

EARTHTRACES

FOURTH BOOK OF ODES

STEVEN FRATTALI

THE BANYAN PRESS

of

TAIPEI

2008

EARTHTRACES © Copyright 2008 by Steven Frattali.

"Afterword: Encounters with the Author in Taipei and
Environs" @ Copyright 2011
by The Banyan Press of Taipei.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or
reproduced in any manner without
written permission except in the case of brief quotations
within critical articles or reviews. For information please
address The Banyan Press of Taipei, 101 Song Ling Rd.,
Hsinchu, Taiwan, ROC 300.
email: thebanyanpress@gmail.com

Where do you go?

green time rain filled
say

far into which day

so the light so

the cloud shale

so the cool wind

brown leaves blown

hair where when

that day

Banks of

light
deep in the sun pond

far in the convex
of blue

“Here” shimmers

Pond blue iris

cataract lily pads

Sun swan

Branch ice

spider web

ice coated
shining

sun capillaries
veins

sun heart beating

bright loud and loud

through the sky

Sun
beyond the burnt edge

light ash
on steep hills

the sun vortex
funelling down

the earth's throat

Midsummer grass
yellow green

the wave of the wind

not one many waves smaller
eddies

gathering small breaking

wind streams

currents the grass lake

ripples of hay

sun pulse
nearly white sun pale sky

heat shimmer at
the dark tree shore

day so hot and dry

A pinecone drops
straight

through the pine boughs

taps the dirt

quietly

the sandy smooth dirt

Earth tap

so clear a sound
in the day

you think I will go
that way

you feel the ground

Night clouds are
dusty blue but
the moon is white

the breeze very faint

like sugar pouring
through the trees
that pillar up high

sand stars float in the sky

and we look up
from where we are
dark leaves grown in your cheek
and on your eye

and on your chest
dark branches
with two soft buds

She stands in

the room's space

bright green leaves
outside

happen to be

stands here the light's
half circle

pale lemon

and her shadow on the wall

Stands there

the dust the floor

Her hair not gold but

so

only one time to be here

only one time to see

Sun monstrance

burning clouds like marble

the radiant hosts

invisible

Earth of sky

trees mountains
hills of sky

hanging down from

but not down

Roads of sky

not hanging from
open to

Waters rivers rains of sky

coming from
returning

No longer sky of earth
but instead

earth of sky

The time clouds flow

silver

blue high sky

hot sun the day

bright mystery

Green your heart

daylight fills the bowl

where the sun swims

deep in the ripples

elusive

burning blue

How to find it?

Three leaves float beneath

gold leaves copper and red

suspended

eaten with small holes

ragged

yet green your heart

An acorn with a few leaves

wet with the rain
on the wet grass

beside the mud beneath the

huge tree
crown still dripping

What small small things

Green sky
east
breaking sun yoke
the fire hills

Violet sky
west
dust speck stars
gray surf of trees

Slowly quickly
long shadows
on the path
of pant leg and sneaker

gold grass filling
with streaks of light

The leaf sun
branches of sky

sun of many
many suns

light clarity

outward everywhere

not one sun only
but one and more than one each day

like leaves

or bright spots

in the pond

world of many worlds

sky of many skies

too high

too full of light

to be just one

Tree shape

of rain

rain sheath around

rains tapping batting down

trough and spill

through

roofs of leaves

to the puddles

on the low grass and bare ground

Scent of rain water and leaf

of wet earth

the fields drifting here

in the wet air

in the needling breeze

splash spritz essence essences lifting us

into the air

to feel

dim green

Ascend the twilight ladder

green shape of shade

and just outside and around

filled with rain sound

and rain sounds

is more rain

Green violet air
not dark

Light leakage

edges fields around houses

ray shot depth
pin point sun far in
fir boughs

leaves in layers nearer

Light injection
into Now

Shapes open from dark
to twilight

dimensions fill
suffused

breathe

See the sky now
see the trees

Radiant king

from total darkness

from below the hill
the field the road's end

from the mountain's back

from the ocean's fury

from the earth's far edge

where all might perish

from the dead land itself

from sleep

Radiant king

A corn field at evening

the landmark oak tree
back lit in a sun cube

crystal cross sections
of slanting light
hold the world still

and yet it cannot be held

Swallows flow through
as though sucked in by a vacuum

around and over and up
then gone

The corn shifts and wavers in the breeze
inside itself it is burning

clouds move through the sky
constructions of sooty bronze
stained marble

What is being sought

by these lives
these powers movements?
Where will it end and how?
And who will know it?
--while the sun cuts through the world
in a moment again and again
creating destroying revealing

Wheat field
 in dawn light
 moving
in the wind that moves over you

Wind from the sun
 in the first of day
 what do you feel?
in the movements of rain
 your stems and roots

Motions of wind eddies like quick wood shavings
in the golden moiré and grain

shimmer of currents
 here there

now in the strange light
as though at the beginning of human time

Now
the earth crack opened one centimeter

and the powers outside
 come streaming in
cosmic light and time

known here touching us

Flowers
on the pea vines

the bees' curve toward

then partial helix

up

hesitant swerve
closer around

now hover

a moment now

galaxies spiraling
through unimagined distance

the sun white luminous funnel point

where tidal waves
volcanic flows of radiation
that could drown Hiroshima's
fire lake

what word for this?

Three bees rummage together
in one white pink flower

looking close translucent white capillaries
net the sunlight
there is no skin so fine

by chance
in another corner
two cabbage whites
tatter upward
tingling to the sun

Day garden silent
sky sun still
clouds
just
slowly increasing
come quick breeze and rain
so hot so dry
soak down gray dirt
toad limping off there
bean leaves
have a curled yellow fringe
but should be all green
on the hard smooth path
dust glitters like filings

Bright snowfields
the river frozen
knife scar
down the valley's face

sun-fields of sky

blinding

sun fields of earth

and the road not visible

Midnight

dark trees

wet

trunks clear

in headlights

leaves down

October

the green

moonlight

Evening

the cold now the air
filled with
the sky emptiness

deep frozen blue

yet with green a little

light leaving
the world

disappearing

small differences degrees

as when a person very near
to death and then

is dead

soon now total night

Fallen sun
 burnt
char of hills

tarnishing clouds molten light

sky burning away

darkening west edge scorched abraded

the end of day unnoticed

darkness now

strangers the others seen

just barely

and secret

who you ask the wind

 papers leaves scraping
and where

night of the tiger the panther

night of wind hyenas

yet original night

Snow fall night
time fall

drift outward

elsewhere

space and time

freezing fear each day greater

stranger

fallen here when yet remember

earlier so long

light cards

light tokens signatures
collected held

the message in faint creases lines

what will happen

rock print grain of wood

consider

and the other saying words
giving signs

in fear of what will happen

Frozen

and the night

no beginning no end

winter stars

myth tigers

grant immortality

I spit

and it is frozen already

immortal crystal

the wakeful present breath vapor

the bomber's vapor trail

against orange green sunset

light incision into light

fabled life forgotten sold as soon as born

genital mutilation

and yet forgotten

remembered in secret script

Sun above snow

white hills
 of dry-ice

phosphorous vapor in light haze

the river
 cannot be seen

Gather the cloak of leaves

do you need this
 the wind says
 the water the air

earth leavings light leavings

gather unused but not forgotten

on your stair

wrap the counterpane of stars
 up in your dream
 put it away there

use it someday

somewhere

Green valley

yellow sun haze
peach colored dawn

light cocoon
the valley is wrapped in

pea green hills set forth for three corners

stitched with bright roads

Leaves
to the covered
earth

now dissolving

rain bleed

so many colors
never seen elsewhere

white smoke over all

fire smoke frankincense
acid in the cold air
the time beneath mist

With luminous ropes and figures
smoke tangles
your face

slowly pull free

Stones from the rain bed

water marks of dim green and slate

from the field hollow where dews collect

from the wind and hail
and from hundred degree suns

where the wind filed with sand
with soil with water
with just itself

Where you would hear
molecular tingling of wind on stone

silicate graphite quartz
bright names like edges
where light glints and glances
edges where no name can stick

surfaces where no word adheres
corners that turn back every gaze

I am I have been the stone says
you must look elsewhere

Bright green sky orange horizon
sky of gold and opal cloud
above the sun
half sun disc
a molten coin half way down a slot
Nearer us streaming
scorched cloud vortex
underlit tatters
What part of the earth
is burning now?
Blinded I ask When shall we see it?
When shall we see it all?

The blackened world

light burnt

is sealed

silent

silent the surface radiance

the apparent plane

of being

Absent now the overpowering sun

and yet I still am blind

Buildings glimmer

thin and insubstantial

liquid at their edges

in the ravening sunset

merest outlines sketches

in the quenching night

In the faces drifting

floating

in the aftermath

to whom can one speak to whom listen?

World listening

empty speech

rustling
dry leaves faces
announcing

strangers who approach saying

listen be silent

paper burning
books cities

Where known not known

feel the earth drift where when
colored lights

mind script
how to grasp help me to know

and fall away finished
the ancient stories

vendible and the physician

Now something else is rising
invisible motion
silence gathering

darkness teems the possibilities

when a different life
a different earth

The grass
clover with white
italic shadows too
and trees around hang darkly into
the green space
of sun
sun pool
warm bright air currents
floss moted light cuts
through tree boughs
a few leaves ripple
Close eyes now sun face shining
feel brightness of day
passing touch of air
cool slight friction
feel soft rough cool grass waxy
earth smell of green
warm air sun breathing
grass points in your ear

The time of the sun wind streams
 through gold grain fields

 hot breeze near the road
 small stones at the shoulder
 shining gray white

Hear the day heat in the field
 near the white farm house
 above flower beds
 burning air

 dark tree shore beyond the fields
 slight wind surging still there

yet even there heat shimmer
 through the air like gasoline fumes

 No rain coming now blue skies of no cloud
 and no rain needed only

 sun burning in roots sun in stems sun germ
 sun leaves of apple trees cherries peaches
the tomatoes
 the green broad translucent lettuce leaf
the beans vines

 bright fields of clover
 burning corn rows at noon at dusk

Now see three brown horses graze
 in a field of blazing yellow grass
 the aluminum water trough flashes

Summer made

the pea vines bees

flowers

in the sun light

Touch leaf or stem

soft petal

of vascular light

summer made the flower's scent

of sweet rain

wind

light made bees their hum

bright flight of

gold

made

grass water flowing

cool warm clear from green hose

and faucet

to peppers corn and beans

the plum tree high and dark green

and light made

The dark light
in cells oxygen
of rain water light
drops of
glucose as intravenous
the leaf light vessel
stretches
to alter
the web
So much depends
on the how on where when
on these
small hidden things

Very early now

green stems of rain light
water paths
of the

bean shoot carrot
onion here the sun soil
with night crawling

flood of shiny black mud

worms for fishing the stream

light yellow rocks

light web

at ten feet nearly pea green water

in the early morning

mist on the bay

the water's blooming as my uncle said

Very early now basil bush here

fragrant on your fingers

with dots of bright rain lady's earrings

Sun

high above snow

hills

sky

clear

no wind no sound

snow dust

blown away in air

Standing in the garden feel wet air

leaves breathing early morning

leaf breath I'm breathing too

inhale water air into

lung leaf

stretching branch spine

my arms stretch wide mouth open

capillary

leaf pattern webbed and

rippled with veins of movement

and in the pond

three gold fish breathing

water light

Season of the falling leaf

and sun-fall too

at evening

slanted light through boughs

across the tanning and ploughed-over fields

the gold green hills in the middle distance

charged with a startling clarity

and weightless a moment

in the orange and mercurochrome light

cross sections streaming through the back-lit oak

sight lines converging somewhere out beyond

the burning porthole of the low sun disc

We see so deeply now

earthly life implying something more

and yet what could be more?

And sunlight

signifying what? you say
of what quality?
or simply what *is* light?

And every day

on table chair
across the tiled floor
on the cream colored tiles
pale brick and steel of the dormitory complex

making a blue soap bubble reflection in a deep bay window
flashing like a signal mirror on
parked car windows

down the blazing city street
high high windows where it seems to shimmer
slightly gold

on the razor wire and metal gate
of the expensive apartment building
on the still sheet of mercury
that is the entire side of a bank

or else we see it
in the clouds themselves that float so freely over head

inhabitants of the open blue

and of that thin blue white
beyond the blue
and in the cloud reflection in the bright office window
where the roped and hanging window washer
places his long metal pole

Windows in rain waterfalls
 slide down the blue gray
 of the day

The dim green
 the trees like blotches of lichen
ragged whitish stone green stalagmites
 but furry looking misted
 as though they'd been frozen
set in motion with a tattered stiff waving
 like someone waving a broken wrist say
very dim as though remembered as much as seen

The town is full of fog horns now
 traffic sizzles past streaks of traffic lights

 in the wet glass

On the fire escape rain water the drops very clear
 although from a smoky sky

are battering the red geranium its pot is overflowing

 and drops hang in a row
 some more gravid and others less

 from the black chipped fire escape rail

(i.m. Rachel Corrie)

Rachel

in the bright light at the edge of the world
the sun so hot the confusing day
and voices in the light

speaking calling shouting

dust in the air gray ochre

the open spaces of the desert and yet

not open not a desert “there” we say “over there”
and others “home”

But at home

what does one do?

What does one do feeling at home

to the Other also there?

In the bright light standing with no shelter
against the voices

refusing to hear refusing to not see

You stood and stand now

Young tree

You cannot be uprooted

Hot today still air

no cars around the park
is empty midday although

shouts from the children's wading pool

a block away

fragrances near the flowering shrubs

open the window to take them in
and not just to know

to feel the day and not merely see

to hear feeling knowing

what is in the voices calling
in the light

even though some sit here on the benches
they yet have their window closed

Sun beyond earth edge

twisted hills with buildings
frayed end of charred fabric

light barely reaching
through crimson saffron and green

we here watching

Cold wind turns leaves bronze
think of it soft crazing of skin
at eye corner inside of elbow
gray hair in pubis

and your new daughter purchased from China
the slit throat blood spattering trousers like paint
action painting of the hierarch

where there is gold there is blood

the severed head eyes closed

these are portents

The illusions given
 worlds withheld by the dream

 the images

 tunnel of memory
 mindscript

the announcers saying, listen be silent

 archaic syllables of ancient texts
 blazing portico of sunset
 the great gate of night

 black leaves of the night tree

 leaves painted with yellow moonlight
 gold leaves and amber

 see them floating in the well
 gather them they are precious
 dive through the bright surface
 the oil slick of dreams
fill your shirt breast with them then

Carried back long afterward
 late evening of your journey

 for exhibition in public places

Late spring night

full of wind-blown trees

new leaves snapping and chattering wild
already thick

green and yellow green

and lit a silver gray in the flowing moonlight
moon that parts from clouds
like someone taking off her robe

Moonlight the green moonlight
on my hands

and grass is painted almost black
by shadows on the lawn

Spring's million rains

drops sheets buckets

emptied from the roof clear web flowing

around one black wrought iron rail

where stretched between two pineapples

a luminous ventricle pulses

icicles of falling water bright spitballs

cast up as from a welding torch

These from three different eaves
while windy rain comes down
through half leaved trees and full that wave and wave
as it lances through them

itself full of grass of fields nearby
flowers weeds are in it
water from the rivers lakes
mountain streams are here and every little creak
all contributing
in some way this is them
in some way this is everything
but wait

Lightning etching down somewhere

and the expanding air cracking
crackling with formless energy

new life insubstantial unfixed
as of yet

Light streaks

on the water's surface

the river shows mercury apartment blocks

a warehouse a river walk with its tall streetlights

part of a parking garage

light crinkles are splashed over it

from the wind that raises bruises of darker water
and tree rings of ripples

It is green water overall

mud tinted but clean
and the day still clear enough for reflections

with its high intense blue sky

grassy spring air

and small puff cumuli here and there

Paths

under the apple trees

in the autumn rain soaked grass
windfalls all around

some are slick-mashed
the air has a clean taste

These apples no one eats they are crabs

small red streaked with white quite sour

yet even if not good to eat
they perfume the air

one particular morning after the rain

I still remember

Voices in the snow

saying
the tree
must be burnt to its final ash

remnants of ice and the last stars

drift in the tree bark

Where you hear
the final pages rustling so fast
even though it is the wind

so fast to elude the fire itself as they burn

Like the man on the large screen

in the movies music

is the best thing though they always say
where the word must starve

but the music man is rich

that country

what was its name can't remember

can you hum it snow is always falling here

But the face

of the burning man is melted

sunk below this pool of snow water

here in your palm

where the rivers part around

the ice flows turn backward

can you grasp them

and so deep inside the tree trunk

the book was burned at last
pages and all

And the tree in the steep pomegranate light of dawn
bore its first crop of stones
the smooth polished stone of silence

Apples red pears peaches
dusty black grapes

cool water from a glass gallon
kept in the whitewashed stone cellar

string beans from the vines
in a metal colander

a green cardboard basket
with a curved wicker handle
dirt flecked on its side
filled with red tomatoes

a small glass of pink wine tarty and sharp
made two falls ago here in this back yard

The deep

snow

fell all night

early morning not white but quieter

but where this window showing

one tree patched with bandages
soaked cardboard limbs
white brows and epaulets

air still dark like bilge water

opposite window then
find the pearl
light blooming through watered milk

silver point trees roots trunks eaten away
as though unfinished

feather brocade lowered and lowered

world of silence

Open road now
the rain comes on

sun shower at first

sun winded over with silver clouds

they bloom off to white shining again
but still rain and then

more colder now
get a drop on ear in eye

don't see or hear the same
cap tapped down on
two or three times more
fat drops this time (one on wrist)

crossing the field

We have some mud from last night
stomp right through don't worry

facing into the sun

streaming straight on we have to go we have to hurry

shadows reach out back of us
and from a row of trees
the brown grass tinted
we climb the low hill

and white peas of hail come down

A white barn
 a gravel road beside it curving
 the small stream farther on

Inside
 the special dark the tools
the metal tines hanging leather
 lanterns rakes and brooms
stalls for the animals silently there
 in one stall a bull

A corner turned
 see the tall hay loft
bales above a pond of loose hay below

a stream of light slants across
from one unseen wall
 hay pieces floating in it very still

But yet the waterfall of hay
 the children jumping down shouting
to each other from the stream of light

 into the loose hay laughing

With willows
and white benches

the shore walk
hangs into sky

three gulls tuck themselves
more tightly

cold ripples spread
wind water roughs gray

a center of still blue
though
with green willows
and three white clouds

What will we do when it is really
Winter?

when we are old alone
and cannot pay?

Stranger no one knows me

I go wherever wandering

white dust road white sky yellow hay fields

Later the wind chilled rain burned me

Lightning fires in the west

The world full of smoke

Down so many
bus routes

Highways, the dark cabs
of the eighteen wheelers
lights sweep inhabitants
the color of cement

Can one pick wild berries?
In the shade of a fir tree
drinking from a can
I wondered this

Dawn bedroom
 wooden window casing
and dark green curtains hanging a little off
 one of them stained

The wooden bedroom floor
 always a little dusty
books piled here and there
 a couple of half empty bottles
 one scotch one vodka in a side cabinet
 leaded book cases in one wall
but way way past their prime

 We're three floors up
two windows have screens one does not
 methiolate sun rays angling in
through a window shade tear
 a shade of that tan color
 I associate with the sails of junks

You never use ash trays
 just cans or paper cups
 and two such cans are on the floor
beside the book you set face down

the green cape of one long curtain trails inward in a breeze
it is frayed around its pseudo William Morris hem

And yet it is a beautiful moment anyway

 dirt has collected inside the sill
 we ought to keep the place a little cleaner

it was a beautiful moment anyway

as I've already said

you lying still asleep in bed
and the early light suddenly clear
letting one see the building opposite
really to see it
not just to know it's there
the spring air blowing in and yes it is the spring
beautiful moment when we suddenly
unexpectedly
can see

In the green light

underneath the leaves

arbor aquarium light

and straighter light
bored through the old board slats

you come and go zebra striped
by the wire trellis

the dirt floor
crowded with grape shadows
our feet could tread shadow wine

imagine being drunk on that

reach me the dark cup
one day but not now

for now we're sitting here
in the arbor light
it is not sepia yet but will be
the benches are old white at one time
paint mostly gone it looks like news shreds

the old grapes twine up and around
grandfather planted them
perhaps to rejoin one's ancestors
is the great thing after all

grape clusters here and there along the canopy
brown purple in the twilight

Rake

all the vines together
in a pile

it is the autumn now
we must prepare
colder the mornings
sun mist frost
in the air

Tomatoes bean vines
pepper plants cucumber zucchini
the summer's yield
this was a living climate

Vines and leaves and roots
it all must go
be burnt up
in the middle of the garden scraped
raked together
with dry fallen leaves
quite unceremonious
a world is over

Matches

fire catching
from a lit scroll of news
crannies of orange at first
liquid the flame translucent
then spider hollow burnings
flaming catacombs tunnels
matted jungles webbed with sparks
stick forest furnaces of ash
then from the mound smoke streams spread
smoke vortex

thick choking yet fragrant
Breathe the intoxication of true ending

even as a boy
home for the day from school
in my old evening work clothes
I used to love it

Sun of late afternoon

growing larger light growing complex
 tinted
and yet the lit clouds nearest me

strangely near
how directly my sight knows them
 how far is it from here to there
 it cannot be very far

Thunderhead capitol
 drifting evolving structure
 out of structure

shining so whitely
harboring caverns of sheet lightning
 far within
 a parallelogram of light
 combs aslant

through all these changes

marking an alien region

the clouds themselves must flow through

Constant movement in the sky

of winds and clouds

Day makes an open

unobstructed field

for the light and motion of the cumuli to be displayed in

it is the splendor of light and of movement

in their starkest forms

the glory of visibility

the raiment of divinity is here
without divinity

with nothing but these elements and space

the empty sky

Afternoon

September and

a yellow field near the highway

the special sunlight of this time

it cannot be described

part summer part autumn
filled with both

and therefore more than full

richness beyond richness
beauty more than beauty

and yet empty

One white butterfly is here

milkweed in the light

the sound of traffic

The autumn

lives in fire

the suspicion of flame

in the morning's ice

the puddle catches daybreak

the red maple tree
burning in wind

clouds move through flame at evening
bright orange and opal

sky fire earth tinder of black hills

the woods blazing at midday

Full

of their own

burning passing

now

as though

ready

Existence

seething in its own

poise

contradictions

-- the leaves

flowers fruit --

in its ripeness

clear being of many facets

seen beside me in this sky

these ripples

AFTERWORD

Encounters With the Author in Taipei

We first made the author's acquaintance at a well-known restaurant in Taipei, the Wysteria Tea House, famous as having been a meeting place at one time for dissident intellectuals in the years of political struggle in Taiwan .

During the recent effort to publish his rather extensive work, we had various occasions to discuss aspects of his past and current writing.

Your poetry is quite varied in style and in form. Where do you locate yourself in the overall debate concerning poetic form?

I consider myself an eclectic. The main thing for me is to grasp, mentally, a certain object -- that is, an experience, a scene, an event -- to see it and feel it. Any language that seems to convey the reality of that is good, any language which remains merely language, merely words, is for me of no interest, in some cases it is actively negative, in the sense of being obstructive.

A cliché?

Yes or not even a cliché but in a way worse than that. Much

of our language obscures the nature of reality. Words in themselves are, in a sense, the enemy of writing. I tell students that all the time. Words most often merely convey the usual accepted social understanding. Writing is for the purpose of grasping reality itself, which is always something other than the social understanding.

Do you consider yourself a political writer?

All writing is political in the sense of attempting to correct these false social understandings. At times its purpose is to merely reveal with a new freshness, a perceptual freshness, as it were. But even this itself has a certain basic political significance, in the sense that awakened human beings will act and think differently than those who are at rest in the normal tranquilized non-perception that we usually are caught up in.

Does living outside the United States help or hinder your writing?

I think it helps, in general. It is in some ways a very undeveloped culture, yet in other ways it is overbearing. (The US, that is.) There is, for example, a great deal of rather stifling political correctness, as it's called, and to get away from that is itself a positive thing. For a while I had no idea how I would ever get all this material published, especially if you're not there trying to do all the "networking" that is needed, and which I was absolutely terrible at anyway -- worse than terrible, I really had no clue, I still don't, I suppose. And then it came about that

you could just do it all by yourself, by means of the internet.

How much material is it? It's quite a lot, it would seem.

Yes, I guess it's about 40 volumes or so. Over 2,000 pages, if you want to measure it like that. I don't know how much it would weigh.

There seem to be many styles represented. Was that something you consciously strove for?

Yes. I always wanted to be able to represent a wide variety of experiences. My first models for the artist were people such as Picasso, Goethe, Bach -- artists who could work in a very wide range of forms and even use widely different styles. Of course, I can't compare myself to people like that, but it was still a goal, to try many types of things.

What sorts of things are you working on currently?

Well as you know I am trying to get all this existing work published, going through it, touching it up here and there, proofreading, and so forth. After that, I think I might return to some translating work -- Holderlin especially, and some Chinese poets, but don't ask me which ones.

All right, but can you say whether they are modern or classical?

Classical. My favorite is Mung Hao-Ren, actually.

About the Author

Steven Frattali is an expatriate American writer living in Taipei. He is the author to date of over 40 volumes of poetry, totaling over 2,000 pages of work. He is also the author of several critical works, among them *Person, Place and World: A Late Modern Reading of Robert Frost* and *Hypodermic Light: The Poetry of Philip Lamantia and the Question of Surrealism*.

About the Banyan Press of Taipei

The Banyan Press of Taipei was founded in 2009 by Samuel Palmer and Steven Frattali. It plans to publish the work of expatriate Anglophone writers of the Pacific Rim who are working outside the norms of mainstream publishing. The Press does not at this time invite submissions, but it hopes to do so in the future.

